

11630. e. 7
19

FEMALE ARTIFICE;

O R,

CHARLES F-X outwitted.

10

—*Dux fœmina facti.*

THE THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in St. JAMES'S STREET.

MDCCLXXIV.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

EMMALE ARTIST

THE ARTIST'S

THE ARTIST'S

P R E S E N T A C E

Those who mix in the Great World

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public

and have no care for the public



P R E F A C E.

TO those who mix in the Great World, and have an easy access to the politer circles of life, a Preface to the following publication will appear unnecessary : but there are others who are not blessed with such superic advantages ; and therefore, for the benefit of this lower order of Beings, the author has thought proper to prefix a few introductory observations, in support of his own character and Veracity. Throughout the performance

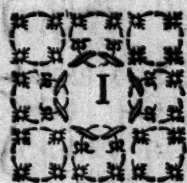
formance there is not a single line that may be called Fiction; and, however romantic to most ears the story will sound, it is fit the reader should be apprised, that every the minutest circumstance has a foundation in Truth; that there are no flowers of invention, no embellishments of poetical fancy; but that all the particulars are related with the very same degree of Precision, (I wish I could add, with the same portion of Humour) that Mr. CHARLES F-X relates them himself. I shall now beg leave to refer the Reader to the publication itself for the Matter of Fact---and for the versification I request every indulgence.



FEMALE ARTIFICE;

OR,

CHARLES F-X outwitted.



Llustrious CHARLES! thou prodigy of fame,
Such as no eye hath seen, no tongue can name;
Thou blazing comet of these latter days,

Where humbler mortals tremble as they gaze ;

Thee my bold verse arrests---impatient grown

To circulate through all this tattling town

A Tale, surpassing ev'ry other tale,

As far as Prior's rhimes o'er mine prevail.

Late from America there hither came

An active, enterprising, bustling Dame,

B

Whom

Whom Justice, sev'n years past, with kind intent,

Upon a trip of *Transportation* sent :

How her life pass'd, and how she figur'd there,

'Tis foreign to our purpose to declare.

Soon as her darling London to its arms

Receiv'd her safe from Neptune's dire alarms,

Her passion for adventure quick returns,

And all her soul with great ambition burns.

O, could she do a deed t' amaze the town,

And jump by one bold stroke into renown ;

Could she, superior to the vulgar train,

Start up a genius, without toil or pain ;

Life's grand *desideratum* she should gain.

Projects, discoveries, inventions, strait

Croud fast into her fertilizing pate ;

Slow to receive, or sanguine to admit,

Just as the whim prevail'd, or maggot bit :

A ray, at length, of inspiration shin'd,

And paltry doubts and fears forsook her mind.

She publishes, or by herself, or those

Whom instruments for her design she chose,

That

That such as should be willing to possess
A Place at Court---the value more or less---
Tickle her palm with a *retaining* fee,
The place should instant at their service be.
---Her int'rest with the Minister was known---
She had but to solicit, and 'twas done.

The bait is swallow'd---fools in plenty come---
They stipulate---agreed---they pay their sum---
Then building high their castles in the air,
Leave other simpletons their fate to share.
Rich was the harvest she contriv'd to cull
From ev'ry pliant dunce, and gaping gull;
Bank-notes upon Bank-notes incessant pour,
And Guineas rain into her lap their store.

But soft! a sob'rer set of *plodding* things,
Whom guarded and suspicious av'rice brings,
These want a Place---t'would be extremely snug---
But from their shoulders an important shrug
Proclaims, significant, of faith their lack,
And forces each, alas! to turn his back.

But shall these Sons of Flint *unchous'd* depart,
Laugh at her cunning, and elude Her art?--
Is there no method left, that may succeed,
To make these pitiful curmudgeons bleed?

Horace has wisely said, (the line I've quoted,
And well deserveth Horace to be noted)

- " *In works poetical I hold it wrong*
- " *To introduce a God into your song,*
- " *Except (he adds) in some confounded scrape,*
- " *When Gods alone can help you to escape."*

So here, as equal to a God, the name
Of Holland's son, the favourite of fame,
Just at the point when she began to flinch,
Is aptly brought to save her at a pinch.

- " Since then, (our female Machiavel rejoin'd)
- " Since then your faith so difficult I find,
- " Conditions I propose---be this the test---
- " Soon as to-morrow's sun shall gild the East,

" Hither

“ Hither on Expedition’s wing appear---”

“ Should it so happen that * CHARLES F-x is here ;

“ If you will trust your eyes when they shall see

“ His carriage waiting, whilst *he* waits on me ;

“ Then I suppose no *Thomas* would exact

“ More to convince you that my words are fact.”

Courteous and gentle Readers, I have now
Finish’d my Preface---it remains to show

How CHARLES, with all his wond’rous wit and sense,
With all his quickness, parts, and eloquence;

His tricks, contrivances, address, and skill,
Prov’d but a *Cat’s-paw* to a Woman’s will.

Sudden her scheme completed in her head,
Post to the Senator’s the Lady sped :

* We can never sufficiently admire the originality of the thought in selecting Mr. Charles F-x upon this occasion, and the wonderful address with which she afterwards conducted the business—She very well knew, that, if she could once give them ocular proof of so extraordinary an event taking place, nothing more would be wanting to impose upon them effectually. Admirable contrivance ! if Mr. Charles F-x has a true relish for humour, he ought to be the happiest man in the world at having been taken in so completely—But for him, we had been deprived of one of the most laughable anecdotes that were ever communicated to the public, and Mrs. G——e would have had no subject worthy of her invention.

On *urgent business*, she requested leave
Of instant audience, in the name of G--x.

The Youth was busy in his room of state,*
Hemm'd in by Jews, in solemn, deep debate;
Projecting plans, adjusting cent. per cent.
And straining credit to the last extent.
The message was deliver'd---CHARLES withdrew,
All expectation, to the Lady flew;
And thus we shall explain the interview.

" Presuming, Sir, as times at present go,
" That friends look shy, and credit's piteous low;
" That CREW, and FOLEY, and CARLISLE, are pick'd,
" And as *Securities* genteelly nick'd;
" That your old Father (gen'rous, doting man!)
" Bled freely, till he bleed no longer can;
" Presuming I have stated matters right,
" Your's is a case of *Desperation* quite."

* There is a particular room in Mr. C--- F-x's house, appropriated for the reception of the Jews, which he jocosely calls the *Jerusalem Chamber*.

" Yet,

- " Yet from the horrors of impending Fate
" Superior shalt thou rise, and still be great.
" The glorious Secret to impart be mine;
" Joy, and compliance with the terms, be thine;
" Know, that an *Heiress*, in the bloom of health,
" And ' Hey-day of her blood,' of monstrous wealth,
" Good Hundred Sixty Thousand Pounds and more,
" Shortly will set her foot on Britain's shore:
" West Indian is her birth, and *Phipps* her name;
" And I disposal of her person claim.
" If thou art ready to resign thy hand
" In marriage to Miss Phipps, thou shalt command
" Her fortune, and herself---but first agree
" Twelve Thousand Guineas to deduct for me.
" On these conditions you shall be preferr'd,
" And, when the Lady lands, I'll keep my word."

Not with more confidence, in days of old,
(Mark ! of our English boobies it is told)
Did men most seriously expecting sit
To see a Man into a Bottle get,
Than

Than CHARLES bamboozled does the story suck,
 And thinks it all a miracle of Luck.
 " *I'll marry her, do any thing---the terms accept,*"
 He cry'd, and to her arms in transport leapt;
 There, almost frantic at this bliss of blisses,
 He hugg'd, he clasp'd, he stifled her with kisses,
 From this blest moment ev'ry scatter'd thought,
 Collected, to one central point is brought---
 Nor Cards, nor Dice, nor Politics, nor Wine,
 Nor Friends, nor Women, clash with his design:
 All, with philosophy, he bears to leave,
 To pay his constant court to Madam G---E.
 In short, with rare dexterity and taste
 The farce was finely manag'd, till at last
 (Allowing Æolus to play his tricks)
 Necessity suggested she should fix
 A time, when the dear Object should come over,
 And be in form presented to her Lover.
 Jump we at once then, Readers, to the time,
 To save the dull prolixity of rhyme:
 Suppose her landed, safe to London brought,
 And settled in a house, as quick as thought:

Then

Then shall you find, with what consummate art
A Woman of Address can play her part.

When CHARLES impatient hasted to attend,
As usual, to consult his Female Friend,
Tormenting her by questions without end ;
With Lamb-like innocence, and faintish look,
Thus the unfortunate affair she broke.

“ The Charmer is arriv’d---two days ago
“ She landed---how I flew to let her know
“ The Match so clever I contriv’d to make !---
“ And she on her part has agreed to take
“ You as her *Bud*---for better and for worse---
“ With right and title to herself and Purse.
“ But still, (was ever matter more distressing
“ To you, whose wants are so extremely pressing !)
“ An aukward accident creates delay,
“ And must, alas ! protract the happy day.
“ In brief, she’s at this moment ill in bed
“ Of the *Small Pox* ; and all that I have said,

D

“ In-

" Intreating to indulge you with a fight,
 " Heightens her fever, and augments her fright.
 " And to be sure, in these untoward cases,
 " When women have not such *inviting faces*,
 " Our sex excuse from delicacy claim,
 " Nor seek with Lovers to expose their shame."

Her words were plausible; and though the Boy
 Curst the impediment that stopt his joy,
 'Twas comforting to think it could not last,
 And nothing would obstruct when this was past.
 When now the Doctors with one voice declare,
 Miss Phipps may venture out to take the air,
 That few, if any Pocks in *fight* appear,
 And that her Phiz is tolerably clear;
 What humbug next have we reserv'd in store?
 ---Hear it, and Female Management adore!

Soon as the happy CHARLES, with eyes on fire,
 Buoy'd up by hope, and panting with desire,
 Went, for the rites of Hymen all prepar'd;
 With these tremendous tidings was he scar'd.

" Sir,

- " *Sir, it concerns me to retard your blifs---*
- " *But I can't keep it---it must out, Sir---yes---*
- " *Yes, Sir, indeed---Miss Phipps---(I blush to own)*
- " *Miss Phipps is absolutely* FOUR MONTHS GONE!

A stagg'ring circumstance, no doubt, you'll say---
Fame---Reputation---Honor in the way---
Pshaw! what are these?---not worthy to contest,
When griping Av'rice steels the callous breast.

- " Why, Ma'am, I think, upon the best reflection,
- " I'll close the bargain, and have no objection--
- " Unpleasant as I feel it, I allow
- " For Indiscretions, which arise, we know,
- " From youth, high spirits, and a larger share
- " Of swelling passions than she well could bear.
- " The story is not public, I conclude---
- " Her passions we will hope are now subdu'd---
- " Besides, she will have wisdom to repent---
- " So hush the matter up, and I'm content."

What

What says the sequel? With the strictest care
 Miss Phipps is hunted---but not here, or there,
 Above stairs, or below stairs, up, or down,
 Through all the mazes of this mighty town
 The airy Phantom's found---they drop the search---
 Whilst CHARLES is left unpitied in the lurch:
 And (all these strange adventures to complete)
 The Lady, after having play'd the cheat,
 Dup'd filly CHARLES, and sported with his name
 To pigeon others, and secure her fame,
 By Justice overtaken, is consign'd
 To prison, there to ponder in her mind
 What special punishment the Law dispenses
 For raising money upon false pretences.

The E N D.

